

None Can Deny Us

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/52460983) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/52460983>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	Gen , M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Beverly Katz & Jimmy Price & Brian Zeller , Alana Bloom & Beverly Katz
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Jack Crawford , Beverly Katz , Alana Bloom , Francis Dolarhyde , Abel Gideon , Jimmy Price , Brian Zeller , Franklyn Froideveaux , Georgia Madchen , Donald Sutcliffe
Additional Tags:	Pirates , Retelling , Inspired by Treasure Island - Robert Louis Stevenson , Year: 1765 , Abel Gideon is The Chesapeake Ripper , Teenagers , Killer Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham , Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Hannibalized Disney Tales
Stats:	Published: 2024-01-23 Words: 3,636 Chapters: 1/1

None Can Deny Us

by [305unreal](#)

Summary

Will Graham finds a treasure map that belonged to a fearsome pirate. Will and his friends travel to a faraway island and meet ex-crew members of said pirate, who are also looking for the treasure, and take Will as a (willing) hostage.

On a rainy autumn evening in the small coastal village of Brighton, England, 15-year-old Will Graham hustles about the Rabbit Inn, helping his mother Hilary with the evening chores. Though it's their livelihood, Will longs for adventure beyond the seas. As he sweeps the floors, a cough from upstairs catches his attention. One of their long-term lodgers, a man simply known as the Doctor, has taken ill. Will fetches some soup and medicine from the kitchen, hoping to make the man more comfortable. When he enters the room, the Doctor is in a restless fever.

"Boy... there is some... something I must tell someone..." he mutters, and Will leans in closer. With trembling hands, the Doctor produces a weathered scrap of parchment and presses it into Will's hands. "The treasure... is real... is out there... find Captain Verger..."

Those are his last words before his eyes close forever. Will rushes downstairs with the strange map, showing it to his mother in a panic. But before she can make honest sense of it, the inn's door bursts open with a crash of thunder. Two formidable men stand silhouetted in the doorway - pirates, by the look of them. The larger one confidently, almost supernaturally, strides over to Will.

"The Doctor is dead, is he?"

Will nods frantically. The pirate pulls a black coin from his pocket and tosses it at Will's feet. "When this be spotted, his debt be paid in blood." With that ominous warning, they turn and disappear into the night.

The next morning, Will insists on showing the map to the village's benefactor, Lady Beverly Katz. She is intrigued by the pirate symbol stamped upon it and recognizes it at once - it once belonged to the infamous Captain Abel Gideon, aka "The Ripper", the scourge of the high seas. Beverly realizes this could lead to the greatest treasure ever found and agrees to finance an expedition, on the condition she comes along. excitement spreads through the village like wildfire at the prospect of treasure, adventure, and glory. Within days, she's hired the able Captain Jack Crawford and his ship, the Cangrejo, for the journey. Will is overjoyed at the chance for adventure and secures a position as a cabin boy. Dr. Alana Bloom also volunteers her medical skills. Though a woman in a male-dominated field, her talents are appreciated. The voyage will not embark for another few weeks as preparations are made.

During this time, Will often visits the Red Dragon Inn, run by young widower Hannibal Lecter. The charming count is missing a leg but possesses a keen intellect and a wicked sense of humor. He and Will quickly bond over their longing for lives beyond the small village. When Hannibal learns of the treasure hunt, he's quickly determined to join. Though he can no longer work the lines, his skills as a chef prove invaluable. After much persuasion, Lady Beverly agrees for Hannibal to sign on as the ship's cook. Soon, Crawford's crew is complete. Sailors Jimmy Price and Brian Zeller join as able deckhands. Surly quartermaster Georgia Madchen keeps everything shipshape. Only a few positions remain to be filled.

On the morning of their departure, storms threaten the coast. Over supper at the Red Dragon, Will wonders if they will have to delay. But Hannibal smiles knowingly, "Do not fear, young Will. I believe our fortune is about to change..."

That night, a mighty storm strikes the Cangrejo as it sails into open waters. Heavy rain pounds the deck as waves crash over the sides. Most of the crew scrambles to secure the sails and lines.

In the chaos, Hannibal secretly pulls Will aside. "Fetch a bottle of rum from the hold," he instructs with a glint in his eye.

Will obeys, curious about what the cook is planning. Hannibal tracks down the fearful first mate, Franklyn Froideveaux, who is trembling in his cabin. "Drink this, it will calm your nerves," Hannibal soothes, pressing the rum into his shaking hands.

Before long, Franklyn is drunk as a lord. When another massive wave hits, Hannibal fails to catch him as he stumbles out onto the rain-slicked deck. Franklyn's cries are lost amid the howling wind as he slips over the side into the churning sea. With the first mate gone, Hannibal smoothly asserts himself, guiding the panicked crew through the tempest. By dawn, the skies clear to reveal shimmering blue water as far as the eye can see. Hannibal proves his worth - and eliminates a rival - all in one fell swoop.

In the days that follow the storm, Will notices Hannibal spending increasing time with sailors Price and Zeller. He becomes suspicious of their hushed conversations that break off when he draws near.

One night, when unable to sleep, Will overhears whisperings on the deck below. "With Crawfish out of the way, we'll be one step closer to finding old Captain's treasure," Zeller speaks lowly.

Will gasps. They intend to mutiny! Worse still, he realizes these are no ordinary sailors — they're members of Captain Gideon's former crew, the dreaded pirates known as the Rippers. Racing to the captain's quarters, Will reveals all he's learned.

Crawford's eyes narrow thoughtfully. "I want you to stay close to Hannibal, pretend not to know of their plans. We must learn more of their intentions."

Will agrees, though keeping company with the manipulative cook now fills him with unease. What further treachery would Hannibal unleash in pursuit of his prize? At long last, the mist-shrouded shoreline of Treasure Island comes into view. Eager to be rid of the Cangrejo, Hannibal volunteers to tow her into a protected cove for the night. Will goes along in the rowboats, keeping a close eye on Hannibal as Crawford ordered. Once underway, Tobias gives a subtle signal.

In an instant, Hannibal draws a concealed dagger on Will while Tobias leads the boarders storming the ship. Crawford is ready. A bloody battle erupts on deck as the captain and his few loyal men hold off the mutineers. Will watches helplessly when he's thrown below as Tobias is disarmed and the instigators are thrown in chains. Seeing his plan has failed, Hannibal cuts the tow lines and orders the boats to shore.

"You're coming with us," he states, pressing his dagger to Will's throat.

Against his will, Will is taken hostage to the island. Crawford, Beverly, and Bloom give chase through the dense jungle. Unknown to any, Will's feelings for Hannibal have been growing more conflicted by the day. Hannibal, normally so aloof, also finds himself developing affection for the fiery young captive. What would become of their blossoming romance amid such turmoil? The rustling jungle falls silent as the young men break through to a secluded cove. Hannibal drags Will along the shore as he makes camp, Will futilely twisting in his iron grip.

How has it come to this? Will thinks to himself. Only weeks ago I was a simple cabin boy, dreaming of adventure beyond the Rabbit Inn. And what an adventure this has become - filled

with intrigue, danger, and betrayal around every corner. Most bizarre of all is the change in Hannibal. At first, I found his charm and eccentricities off-putting. But we've spent more time together aboard the Cangrejo, and I now recognize the brilliant, multi-layered man beneath the mystery. His tales of far-off lands spark my imagination. Debating philosophy, he's the only person who truly seems to understand me. The way he smiles when our eyes meet makes my heart skip in a way I'd never known. Does he feel it too, underneath the machinations? Now as my captor, I see another side - ruthless yet vulnerable. What deeper secrets and sorrows lay in Hannibal's past to make him so driven, yet alone?

In a moment of panic, Will realizes that he wants Hannibal at his side. Their fingers brush, and Will feels a spark. Captivity has given way to confusion and desire that Will does not fully comprehend. One thing is clear - his feelings for Hannibal Lecter have evolved into something more. But could he ever trust this man who held his life in his hands?

The setting sun paints the sky a blazing orange as Hannibal secures Will to a tree, though leaves his hands free - a small act of stolen trust between them. Hannibal cooks a simple meal over a small fire. He no longer has the blade leveled against Will's flesh, but the boy has made no attempt at escape. His eyes wander around the site but in curiosity rather than panic. That scrawny kitchen boy has proved far more intriguing than expected. As the camp bustles with activity, Hannibal brings Will food and water, unable to resist brushing his fingers in a feigned caress. Will's eyes hold an unspoken question that sets Hannibal's pulse racing.

I initially took Will under my wing to gain an ally, Hannibal silently reminds himself, but he keeps revealing new depths of himself. His sharp mind and empathy are a challenge, making our conversations a delightful dance of wit and intellect. The fire in Will's eyes, when he speaks of the world beyond this island, sparks my passion anew. Aboard the Cangrejo, I have found myself seeking Will out, craving the solace of his company amid the chaos. Feelings long buried begin to stir, unnerving in their intensity. This boy is upsetting all my carefully laid plans. Now as my captive, Will's allegiance remains unclear. Do his lingering glances betray more than he knew? Or is it all clever deception, playing on my weakness for him? I dare not let down my guard, even as I yearn to understand this enigma bound to me.

In these quiet moments alone, Hannibal allowed himself to imagine a life together far from here if only Will could be his. But first, Hannibal must secure the treasure and his future, no matter the cost. Once triumphant, perhaps sweet William would no longer see him as the villain and could learn to return his love in full. One way or another, their destinies are entwined - Hannibal only hopes in the end, Will's heart will be his to keep.

Night falls and Will is released from the tree. The fire crackles low as the men's breathing softens into sleep. Hannibal remains alert on watch, lost in thought, when Will speaks softly. "What drives you, Hannibal? There seems more to this quest than greed or glory."

Hannibal sighs, gazing into the crackling fire. He hesitantly recounts his tragic past in hushed tones, "As a boy, my family was lost at sea. I've dreamed of avenging them ever since by besting the pirates who took all I held dear. Finding Captain Gideon's treasure ensures I can live freely at last." For the first time, a crack appears in Hannibal's mask of control.

Will's voice is kind. "I'm sorry for your loss. You don't have to face this alone anymore."

Moved by this boy's kindness and keen mind, their hands meet, fingers entwining in a stolen caress amid the sparks. A hunger decades in the making consumes Hannibal as he takes Will ravenously in his arms. The treasure is no longer Hannibal's sole drive - he now has a far greater prize to capture forevermore if they emerge from this plundered isle triumphant and together.

"We should rest," Hannibal whispers gently.

He turns in, arms wrapping around Will's torso to ensure the younger boy does not leave him. As they fall asleep, their minds are alight with the hope that friendship kindled here might one day blossom if fortune smiled upon their venture.

When dawn's faint light steals into the treeline, Hannibal stirs the fading embers of the fire. The men begin to rouse and prepare for the day's search. Will also wakes, noticing Hannibal's arm still protectively wrapped around him. A flush rises in his cheeks, though he doesn't attempt to pull away. Hannibal pretends not to notice at first, feigning focus on the tasks at hand.

"You remain my captive, Will, lest you try to flee," he says finally, though the twinkle in his eye betrays amusement.

Will grins. "How tragic to be held against my will in such an uncomfortable position." His gaze softens, "I'll not run anywhere, Hannibal. You have my friendship, if you'll still have it."

At that, Hannibal's stern mien slips. Pulling Will close once more, he savors this stolen moment of intimacy before duty calls them to rise. Though the future holds many uncertainties, in each other's arms they find promise of brighter days ahead, come what may. With that, their camp begins stirring in earnest as a new day's adventure on Treasure Island awaits.

The pieces are set in motion. Aboard the Cangrejo, Tobias emerges from the brig, inciting the remaining mutineers to raise the dreaded Jolly Roger. News soon reaches Hannibal and Will's camp on shore. Hannibal forms a stealthy plan. He arms his most trusted men with muskets from Gideon's abandoned stock and makes haste back toward the cove. There, they see the Cangrejo now flying piratical colors. Hannibal decides to lay siege, using the dense jungle for cover. They establish a hidden perimeter around the rocky headland where Crawford takes shelter with his loyal men in a crude wooden stockade. Hannibal attempts to parley, hoping to recruit more muscle for his cause. But Crawford rebuffs any alliance, leaving no choice but war. At Hannibal's signal, his marksmen open fire on the stockade from the trees.

The battle rages as Crawford's men valiantly defend their position. Just as it seems Hannibal's forces will be overrun, Will materializes from the bushes with a well-aimed thrown knife. It sinks hilt-deep into Crawford's shoulder, falling the captain. With their leader down, Crawford's troops surrender. Hannibal emerges, tending to Will with a mix of pride and concern. The tides of fortune have turned once more. Hannibal cleans and dresses the wound efficiently before addressing his men.

"Secure them aboard the sloop. Our business here is concluded."

As they depart the stockade, Hannibal turns to Will with a curious smile. "Felling your former captain with such skillful aim. I knew you were no mere hostage - you continue to surprise and impress." His eyes gleam.

Will shrugs, feigning nonchalance despite his flushed cheeks. "He gave me no choice. I could hardly let you and your efforts be defeated so easily."

Hannibal halts, grasping Will's hands. "Do not sell yourself short, mylimasis. Your talents are a gift, as is your loyalty." He brushes Will's curls back gently. "With you at my side, none can stand against us. Together we shall claim our destiny on these seas."

At that, Will's resolve cracks. He leans into Hannibal's embrace, finally allowing the comfort and belonging he has long sought. Whatever challenges lay ahead, with Hannibal as his captain and match in all things, Will is ready to face any storm. Their bond was forged in fire, and will only strengthen as adventure calls them ever onward. While Hannibal's forces now control the Cangrejo, a new threat emerges from the jungle's shadows as dusk's light filters through the clouds. Pirate Francis Dolarhyde, mad from years alone on the isle, creeps aboard under cover of night. He had been marooned by The Ripper five years ago and, with a gleam in his wild eyes, Dolarhyde severs the anchor ropes, setting the sloop adrift. Before long, she runs aground on treacherous reefs. As Dolarhyde celebrates his sabotage in the rigging, Garrett Jacob Hobbs spots the intruder. A scuffle breaks out, Hobbs chasing him up into the ship's rigging. Hobbs' knife draws blood on Dolarhyde's arm. But the mad pirate's pistol barks, with Hobbs tumbling lifelessly into the sea. Dolarhyde seizes this moment, tearing down the Jolly Roger and hoisting a tattered Union Jack in its place.

Slowly bleeding and feverish through the night, Dolarhyde finally stumbles upon the empty stockade as dawn breaks. There lay Bloom's coat, making for a humble bed. But it is not the Sawbones who sleeps underneath - the infamous Count Hannibal Lecter stirs awake instead at the invasive rattling sounds. When Dolarhyde realizes to whom he pleads, shock overcomes his ravaged form. With wild eyes rolling back, the mad pirate collapses in a feverish heap. Nearby, Will keeps watch from the shadows as he often does. Hearing the fray, he emerges from cover to investigate. There among the tangled rigging and fallen sails, he discovers not just Dolarhyde collapsed in feverish delirium, but clutched in his hand, a tattered chart flutters loose. Before Will can inspect the prize more closely, Tobias appears on the deck above. With a snarl, he spies his former conspirator and gives chase across the tilting planks. Will dodges between ropes and masts, the coveted map clenched in his fist.

The swaying deck of the Cangrejo becomes a battleground as Will scuffles desperately with Tobias. Will dodges and parries as Tobias lunges at him across the slanted deck, his rage making him sloppy. Above, a coconspirator called Matthew Brown stalks toward the scene, eyes gleaming at the sight of the coveted map still clenched in Will's fist. Suddenly, Hannibal leaps from below like a vengeful pirate spectre, having assessed the threat swiftly.

"Leave the boy, scurvy curs, if you value your wretched life!" he roars at the men.

Brown snarls and lunges for Will, hoping to snatch opportunity from the fray. But Hannibal intercepts with ferocious speed, grappling the scurvy rogue and driving him back. Blades flash and muscles strain as the two brawl through the chaos. Will holds his own against Tobias through wit and agility rather than brute force. But how long can they withstand the onslaught aboard this foundering vessel? A wave crashes over the tilted deck, tossing men like flotsam. When the foam clears, only one figure stands defiant - Hannibal, brandishing Brown's knife stained red and Will clutched safely to his chest. With the enemies disposed of, Will approaches Hannibal with a triumphant gleam in his eye. He flourishes the sodden yet legible map proudly.

"Our prize, Captain. What say you - shall we claim our fortunes at last?"

Returning to the remainder of their crew - Price, Zeller, Madchen, Chilton, and Sutcliffe - and show what they've recovered. A rousing cheer rises, and Hannibal studies the chart with an appraising gaze, committing each clue to memory.

"We set sail at dawn's first light. Navigation will test even my skilled senses but together, none can deny us our destiny!"

Come the sunrise, they weigh anchor and hoist full sail, letting the winds guide their fortunes. Day melts into gritty day as rocks, reefs, and patches of the jungle become a murky blur. Food and water run low amid frustrations and frayed hopes. But no hardship can diminish their determination, bound as one in this quest. After countless trials, the hardy crew has arrived at the supposed site of immeasurable riches. But within the dimming jungle hollow lies not fortunes but bitter disappointment. Only a lone guinea coin glints in the dirt where 700,000 pounds should have been interred. Disillusion and resentment boil over as Jimmy, Brian, and Georgia turn on their captains in rage and blame. Yet, Hannibal and Will stand defiant til the end, cutting down the treacherous Frederick and Donald. Before the mutiny can fully rip their fellowship asunder, salvation arrives in a shocking form. Emerging from the shadows comes Crawford, clutching a lantern aloft with Beverley and Alana at his back. But it's the crazed cackle of Dolarhyde that makes blood run cold.

"I unearthed Gideon's treasure first, digging night and day like the beast I've become!" he howls.

Only he knows where the plunder truly lay, stashed deep in some sea-swept cavern. Although Hannibal had kept his end of the bargain earlier established, Crawford still covets glory by

dragging Hannibal back in chains to face judgment in England. But the tides of fortune shift once more as Beverley and Alana turn on their captain for his duplicity. Seizing the chance, Hannibal springs into action, ordering Jimmy, Brian, and Georgia to load up a small rowboat with whatever treasure they could carry from a hidden cache on the shore. The crew works swiftly under cover of darkness, passing chest after chest into one of the ship's long canoes laden with unknown riches. All the while, Hannibal and Will keep wary watch with weapons drawn, ready to defend their crew against any who stand in the way of their escape. Working swiftly under cover of night, the loyal crew passes treasure down from the deck and smuggles it amidships. Soon, the narrow canoe sits low in the water, piled with unknown riches.

Hannibal and Will stand poised on the tilting deck as the loaded canoe bobs beside the ship. With unwavering loyalty, they shoulder the tiny craft between them, muscles straining to tip it over the rail into the swelling surf below. No sooner has the treasure-laden canoe splashed into the waves than Crawford whirls from the gloom, pistol flashing in the moonlight. But Will possesses a killer's instinct and hand, proving once more why he's earned his place at Hannibal's side. A sharp crack echoes across the cove as Crawford crumples into the blood-stained sands. Their greatest nemesis is vanquished, and his power over the isle has finally broken. Dolarhyde lets out an anguished howl at witnessing his protégé fall. Young Beverly and Alana pay them no mind and dig their paddles deep, steering with all speed toward the open sea. Behind them, Jimmy, Brian, and Georgia cheer and whoop, drunk on dreams of fortunes and adventures yet to unfold.

Under Hannibal's captaincy and Will's sure marksmanship, the teenage pirates seize plunder, lives, and destiny itself from the claws of peril. At long last, they're bound for fortunes of their choosing, guided ever onward by the North Star's gleam...

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!